



SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1898

SAGITTARIUS WOMAN

(Continued from Third Page.)

dear sir, believe me, it is far better that I should leave my money to a charitable institution than that it should be squandered by a young spendthrift with bad hereditary tendencies and the moon in Scorpio.

"Well, if such is your intention why not depart a little from established customs? Why not, for instance, found a university of solar biology?" inquired the professor suavely, adding: "I was just about to take a walk on the beach. If you are not otherwise engaged, will you not accompany me?"

The general acquiesced, and they were presently crossing the grounds in the direction of the sea. Seated on a bench, a look in her hand, but with her eyes looking dreamily seaward, sat Miss Van Dearing.

"A fine woman," observed the general. "Yes, decidedly. She's a Sagittarius," responded the professor.

"Eh?" said the general sharply. "Yes, a Sagittarius. Born in that sign, you know—great executive ability."



"Here the two sat down. "Oh!" said the general in a tone of relief. No more was said as they plodded on through the sands to the extreme point of the peninsula. Here, just beyond a stretch of level beach, was a peculiar freak of nature—a huge fortress of rock jutting out into the sea. On the seaward side was a sheltered nook, high up in the rock, shielded on three sides from the sun and facing the tumultuous ocean—the great, fearful, capricious waters that hem in the shores of Maine. Here the two sat down.

Meanwhile, at the cottage, Mr. and Mrs. Baxter were having a confidential conversation in a quiet corner of the library.

"Do you know, I don't believe the professor and the general pull very well together," he said.

"Oh, you must be mistaken, dear. They have just now gone to walk, looking quite chummy."

"Yes, but the general has made up his mind to totally disinherit Ogden, and I think the professor has had something to do with it. The general threw out a hint along that line—said 'the stars had spoken,' or some foolishness of that kind."

"Oh, Uncle Swithin would never do anything of that sort. He's such a good, kind, well meaning man."

"Heaven preserve me from people with good intentions," said Mr. Baxter cynically. "They're always making things unpleasant, and at the same time they're too good to quarrel with."

He walked away just as Jack Armitage appeared. He was a smooth faced, boyish looking youth, with a look of serious determination. Just now his lips were compressed, his eyes glowing like fire, while his soft hat was crushed convulsively in both hands.

"It's all over, Mrs. Baxter," he said tragically. "What's all over? Oh, I see; you've been quarreling again with Lalla, and now you've come to me for sympathy as usual. Well, you shan't have a bit. Go back to her and make it up again."

"I tell you it's no use, Mrs. Baxter. She won't have me. She has given me up for good and all. If you don't believe me, just ask her. Here is her ring and all my letters. I shall go back to town this afternoon. She's treated me badly. But she's the finest girl in the universe. I never was good enough for her. I shall never see her again. If I thought she cared for any other man, I'd kill him. But she says she doesn't. She says she shall never marry. Good-by, Mrs. Baxter. I've just time to catch the train. I don't wish to take leave of the others. Please say I was called away by a telegram. Kindly say it was the death of my grandfather. Thousand thanks, Mrs. Baxter. Good-by."

The blighted being wrung the hand of his hostess, pulled his hat down over his gloomy brows and strode away over an air which would have out-Hamleted Hamlet. Hardly parted cautiously and Lalla Bradton entered.

"Has he gone?" she whispered miserably. "Yes," replied Mrs. Baxter, who was out of patience with the little coquette, "and he says he shall never see you again."

"I'm so glad!" with a little laugh at opposite ends of a sob. "If I'd been here, I should have called him back. Oh, Jack!" she called experimentally at the window, and then ran back timorously to the sofa and buried her face in the cushions.

"He has gone," repeated Mrs. Baxter reluctantly. "Now, Lalla, please tell me what all this means. You know your mother asked me to look after you a little while she is in Europe, and I have a right to know. You've treated

Jack badly, dismissing him in this heartless way after the engagement has been announced.

"Oh, I know it! But it isn't my fault. I only found out last night how badly we were adapted to each other. I thought if people liked each other it was enough, but it isn't. If people's tastes and dispositions are all—cross, you know—and all that, they are wretched."

"But you should have considered all this before."

"I didn't know it then. Oh, how beautiful it is to be ignorant!"

"But how came you to find it out now?"

"Professor Swithin told me."

"Professor Swithin!" echoed Mrs. Baxter in fresh amazement. "Why, what has he to do with it?"

"He has looked us up," sobbed Lalla. "He says we've both got Mars in Libra. He says we would be miserable—we would kill each other!"

Mrs. Baxter stood in silent thought a moment, and her face was a study. Then she turned to the girl gently.

"Never mind, dear. Don't worry, and we'll see what can be done with these adverse planets. Well, Jimmy, what is it?"

The last words were addressed to a small boy in buttons. "If you please, ma'am, the housekeeper says she can see you a few minutes—quick!"

"Certainly," Mrs. Baxter sought the culinary department where she found the housekeeper quite alone, looking depressed. None of the servants was visible, and the place resembled a Pompeian kitchen just unearthed, all the departments of work having been suddenly deserted in a half finished condition.

"Mrs. Baxter," began the housekeeper, "the cook and the waitress have taken sudden leave. Shall I go to town to get others? And if I do you'll cook the dinner and wait on the table meanwhile?"

"How did it happen?" said Mrs. Baxter in dismay. "Really, it's quite dreadful."

"It was this way," said the housekeeper. "Professor Swithin was down here talking to 'em this morning, and they say he used bad language."

"What nonsense!"

"But it's true as the gospel, Mrs. Baxter. I heard him. First he asked their ages. Now what decent, middle aged girl wants to be telling how old she is? But that wasn't the worst. When they wouldn't tell him, he said he knew what they were, and he called one of 'em a Gemini and the other a Scorpio, if I remember right. So they up and said they wouldn't draw another breath under the same roof with the likes of such as him, and they're sitting outside now on their boxes, waiting for the stage to come along."

"And all these people in the house, besides extra guests invited to dinner! It is too much." And, taking advantage of a woman's privilege, Mrs. Baxter sat down and burst into tears.

Meanwhile the perpetrator of these dire evils sat comfortably ensconced in a little hollow of the rock, expatiating to General Stanhope of the importance of founding a college of solar biology. From their position on the narrow shelf of rock they watched the advancing tide which bounded sullenly against the resisting wall of stone. The booming of the waves drowned another sound which came warningly now and then—the mutterings of thunder. So, facing a serene horizon sheltered in part from the wind and deafened by the sound of the sea to the artillery of the sky, the two elderly men whiled away the afternoon chatting and smoking. The first intimation that came to them of the storm was the angry aspect of the ocean and the rapidity with which the late afternoon dropped into dusk.

"Shouldn't wonder if we were going to have a storm," remarked the general, rising. "Do you see how wild the sea is?"

Before the professor could reply a glare of lightning split the sky, followed by a crash of thunder which seemed to bring heaven and earth together. The general, being taller and more agile, was the first to ascend to a point where he might spy out the land. He stopped short, and his calm, intellectual face assumed such an expression that the professor, who had passed below to take breath, was fain to inquire what the matter was.

"A good deal is the matter, I should say. We're on an island."

Professor Swithin clambered laboriously up to a level with his companion, and his face blanched and then paled. Stretching out before them, landward, for nearly a mile was an angry waste of waters, already tossing spray up into their very faces, and the tide was rising. Above loomed an awful sky, torn up by flashes of vivid fire and roaring with the sullen rage of a beast of prey. Already it was dark, and big splashes of rain cut their faces now and then.

"Can you swim?" asked the professor in a hushed voice.

"No. Who could gain the shore through such a sea as that anyway? It's awkward. We may have to remain here all night."

"No," said the professor in a hollow voice; "we shall never remain here all night."

"How do you know?" asked the general uneasily.

"Because this rock is entirely covered at high tide."

"Merciful heavens! How calm you are!" cried the general. "Here we've been sitting all the afternoon like a pair of turtles, and I never had any idea of such a trick. Why didn't you tell me?"

"I give you my word of honor I forgot all about it," said the professor, wiping the cold moisture from his brow. "My mind was on other things, don't you know? Yes, that was the way it was."

The two men gazed at each other with that awful sincerity that a sudden calamity calls forth. An observer would have noticed that the horror of the moment had intensified the natural peculiarities of each. The general looked taller, thinner, paler and more shrunk, while the professor had apparently grown shorter, stouter and redder in the face.

"Well, well, something must be done," said the general at last, rousing himself. "Here is the tide up to our feet already. Our only chance is to attract attention from the shore. It's too dark for them to see us. Let me see—I think I have it. Have you a match?"

The professor held one out in flaming fingers. The general took off his coat, touched the match to it, and then, flinging the blazing garment over his walking stick, waved it to and fro until a dash of rain extinguished the flames.

The storm was now full upon them. Embracing a narrow point of rock, and buffeted by the storm in one direction and lashed by the sea in another, they were prone to be silent for many minutes. At last the general's voice could be heard uplifted in enthusiasm on the peninsula and everybody on it; next he blazed himself for having come there; then with rising inflection and stronger expletives he spoke of solar biology in terms which left the professor no room for hope that even if they escaped any of his fortune would be given for the extension of learning along this line. Meanwhile the tide crept up. They were half submerged. Presently the general's voice was heard again.

"It isn't that I'm afraid to die," he shrieked above the storm; "it's the absurd situation—men at our time of life falling into a trap like this. A man who has faced shot and shell as I have—drowned like a rat! It's simply foolish!"

"Death has no terrors for me," gasped the professor, who was shivering with cold and fright. "But I've always had objections to being drowned—yes, a singular thing."

A cry of joy from the general interrupted him. "A boat—a boat!" he cried. "Saw it by a flash of lightning. Hello! Hello! There it is again—looks like my nephew."

"Hello! Hold on!" cried a clear voice above the storm. The little boat, tossed like a leaf in the wind, came nearer. "It is my nephew, God bless him!"

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of them one day took a few cents out of the change she had received and bought a piece of ribbon.

"It was like introducing the measles. It was catching, and presently the other girls began to come out in glorious colors."

"The deadly work had been done. The trustees were powerless. Girls who were not fortunate enough to be assigned to work at the hotel went away—out into the world—and it was not long until the boys began to follow them."

"What's Little Wars."

A woman was telling her husband about a recent passage at arms with another woman. "You see," she said, "I've known who she was all my life, but I'd never met her until the other day at the house of a common friend, when we were introduced."

"Oh, Mrs. A.," she cried, "I'm delighted to meet you. Miss B. has spoken of you to me so many times."

"Now, although I have the misfortune of knowing Miss B., I don't much fancy the notion of her peering as one of my friends, and I suppose I showed it. At all events, the woman from at once. But she got even with me the next time we met, for she pretended not to see me, and when she could no longer evade bowing she said:

"Dear me, Mrs. A., I thought you were Mrs. C., Mrs. C. being, as you know, one of the homeliest women in town."

The husband smiled thoughtfully. "How well you women do understand each other," he said. "Well, it's a good thing you do, for it is more than anybody else does."—Philadelphia Times.

Old Court Days in Windham.

So here at Newfane remain many of the old court customs and the good cheer of other days, and which in many other places are departing—this especially in larger county seat villages, where attorneys can return at night to their homes, where litigants and jurors avail themselves of the same privilege, and where, as a result, the good cheer and the real wit and enjoyment of the old time court sitting are lacking.

One enjoys much of the restfulness and quiet of the village, as also the pure air, the clear water from mountain springs and the hospitable board of the country inn. Especially enjoyable are the frankness and cordiality of the honest country folk, who find this their court day place, as a shire town twice a year, there to settle, by evidence, law and equity, what is right and proper in all disputes between man and man. The best of it is there is no disposition to move the courts away from this delightful old town, for bench, bar and citizens all enjoy the retention of the old courthouses, old ways and unique customs of things.—Springfield Republican.

No Interruptions Permitted.

The newly elected justice of the peace faced the happy pair. In all his legal experience he had never tackled so abstract a problem. Nevertheless he determined to proceed with the ceremony to the best of his somewhat rattled ability. He went on with the affair by jerky and occasionally feeble degrees. Presently he became vainly around him and hoarsely inquired:

"Does any man present know of any impediment to this union?"

He saw that nobody understood him. He tried again.

"Does any man know of any bar?" He was interrupted by the bridegroom.

"That's a bar next door," said the happy man, "but, by yer boots, squires, that won't be a drop o' hickory till you say hatched!"

And the ceremony proceeded.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Helms in the fourteenth century were surmounted by extravagant ornaments. Feathers, flowers, images of dragons, birds, beasts, the figures of women, and occasionally the bust of the knight himself adorned the crest.

FROM ROANOKE.

Neway Items from the Magic City.

Patriotism among our citizens is increasing. Applicants for enlistment have been besieging Lawyer Henry's office for the past week looking for the recruiting officers.

A very pleasant time was had at "Thelma's" residence last Thursday evening. An evening social on a very quiet order was had by some of our most prominent citizens, who graced the occasion with their presence. T. Henry, Chief E. McPherson, W. C. Banks, "Thelma," Mrs. McPherson, the Misses James of Philadelphia, and others will not soon be forgotten for their very joyful and congenial contributions to the home enjoyment.

Mr. J. H. Gilliam, who has been sick for some time with malaria fever is again very much improved to the delight of his many friends.

The Young Christian Workers Club of the First Baptist Church will give a series of entertainments for the benefit of the church commencing Monday night, 18th instant, and continuing 5 nights.

Rev. J. H. Turner, Sabbath School Missionary, preached at High Street Baptist Church last Sunday night to a large and appreciative audience. In the morning Rev. W. V. Brown, the pastor officiated as usual.

A large number of excursionists from Lynchburg on their way to Ellisland passed through our town last Sunday morning.

Our Roanoke subscribers were very much disappointed at the absence of Roanoke Letter last week. "Thelma" regrets the occasion for disappointment and hopes it will not occur again.

Rev. R. J. Jones filled his pulpit as usual last Sunday morning and preached a soul-stirring sermon from 138th Psalm, "O, give thanks unto the Lord." The Reverend hopes soon to commence the erection of his new church building, which promises to be one of the finest.

The Reformed Missionary Baptist Church, Rev. Wm. Green, pastor, received four members on last Thursday night. The officers have now in contemplation the purchase of a lot on which they expect to build soon.

Mr. A. B. White left the city last week for the Springs.

Rev. T. R. Sinkfield, Presiding Elder of the A. M. E. Church is home again from an extended tour through the district.

Mr. Z. R. Ruffin of the United Aid Insurance Co., who has been quite ill is improving.

THELMA.

WASHINGTON LETTER

The Fight at Santiago.

SPAIN AND PEACE.

Nearly Four Million Dollars for War.

SECRETARY LONG'S REPORT—THE NAVY TRIUMPHANT.

Stirring Scenes at the National Capital.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, July 11, '98.

President McKinley has the whip hand of the situation, and he doesn't intend that either talk about peace or the surrender of the Spaniards at Santiago shall interfere with his plans. If the destruction of Cervera's fleet and the Spanish defeats at Santiago have convinced Spain that it is time to beg for peace, she must say so. She can accomplish nothing by talking peace unofficially, nor through the intervention of other powers. This country does not intend to allow any other country to have any hand either in obtaining peace for Spain or in arranging the terms of peace. Spain can have the terms of peace whenever she chooses to ask for them, and they will not be deviated from, nor will they be offered until they are asked for. Meanwhile the war is going to be pushed.

It is expected, at the Navy Department that Commodore Watson's fleet, which is going to the coast of Spain, will get started this week, and that, by the first of August it will be heard from by Spain; and the expedition against Porto Rico is to be prosecuted with Santiago as a base of supplies. Gen. Miles has gone to Cuba to take command of the campaign.

A POSTAL ARRANGEMENT.

The War and Post Office Departments have adopted a system for the improvement of the mail service to the soldiers. Under this system, the quartermaster's department of the army will transport all mail within camp and from the point of arrival and departure, and battalion and regimental adjutants will be held responsible for the correct distribution of mail. Every military post or camp established will be given a post office immediately, with a postal superintendent in charge. In short, nothing will be left undone that will aid in quick and constant communication between the soldiers and their relatives and friends.

MUCH WORK ACCOMPLISHED.

Just a plain statement of what was done at the session of Congress just ended, without one word of argument, should be amply sufficient to bring about an increase of the republican majority in the next House. It was a business session, as well as a war session. The important war legislation, which has met every need of the administration and prepared so far as possible for its needs for the next six months, and the regular appropriation bills, a just and equitable National bankruptcy law was enacted; National was annexed, and a number of other important laws placed upon the statute books. The total amount appropriated by Congress at the session was \$82,527,991, of which \$561,788,005 was to meet the expenses of conducting the war against Spain.

THE NAVY YARD OPEN.

As a special favor to those who are here in attendance upon the annual convention of the National Educational Association, Secretary Long instructed the Commandant of the Washington Navy Yard, which has been closed to visitors since the war started, to admit members of the Association to the yards and shops. Another unusual courtesy extended to the Association was the opening of the Congressional Library building at night by Librarian Young. This was the first time that the handsome building had been opening to visitors at night.

THE NAVY'S UNPARALLELED SUCCESS.

Secretary Long gave the following reasons for the success of the Navy in the war—a success never equalled in any war by any navy, involving, besides individual ships captured or destroyed, the complete destruction of two Spanish fleets, that of Admiral Cervera having several warships that were as fine as any of their class afloat: First, the skill and mechanical genius of our people in building the best ships; second, the high personnel of the Navy; third, the foresight of naval authorities in liberally spending money for ammunition to be used in target practice; fourth, the help the Secretary of the Navy had from the Assistant Secretary and the bureau chiefs. It will be remembered that Theodore Roosevelt, who has just been promoted from Lieutenant Colonel to Colonel for gallantry in action before Santiago, was the Assistant Secretary of the Navy until after the fighting began. Secretary Long said of his bureau chiefs:

EXPLICIT INSTRUCTIONS.

"When the Navy Department saw that war was approaching, the bureau chiefs were called together and told they would be held personally responsible for the efficiency of their various departments. Every reasonable amount of supplies was given them, and they were told that the Navy must be put in thorough condition. Not enough credit has been given to these men, who made success possible by having the navy prepared."

President McKinley has named as Commissioners to recommend to Congress needed legislation concerning Hawaii, our new possession, Senators Cullum and Morgan, members of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations; Representative Hitt, Chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, and Sanford P. Dole, President of the Hawaiian Republic, and W. R. Frear, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Hawaii. Senator Davis, of Minn., would have been a man of the Commission had his private business not compelled him to decline the appointment.

FROM WEST VIRGINIA.

A Baptist Association—A Fine Meeting Able Divines Preach.

Mr. W. R. Patterson of Bluefield, W. Va., writes that The Flat-Top Baptist Association closed a successful session at Bramwell, W. Va. It met at the Bluestone Baptist Church, Rev. J. W. Johnson, pastor, and last from July 7th to the 9th.

Moderator Rev. V. S. Smith. At

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